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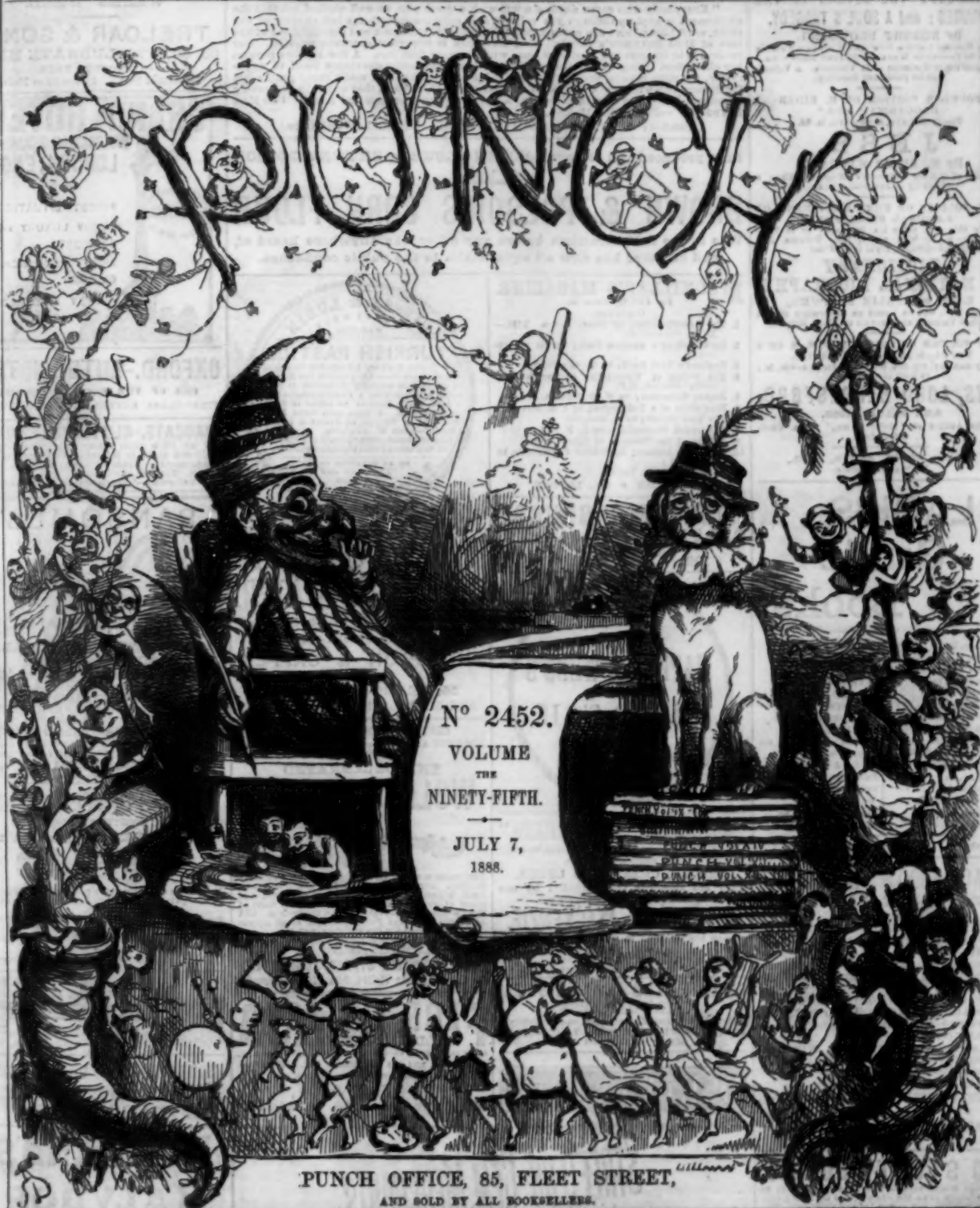
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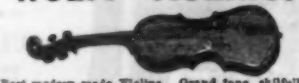
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OUR DEBATING CLUB.

THE election of a new member to the Gargoyle Club is so seldom attended by any incident of note, that I may be pardoned, perhaps, for devoting this paper to the description of almost the single exception in our annals. It is our invariable custom to transact all business of this sort before proceeding to debate; and on the evening in question PLUMLEY DUFF, who had proposed the candidate for election, rose to give the information necessary to enable them to pronounce upon his claims to admission. Now DUFF had very good-naturedly undertaken the duty at the suggestion of BOSHER, who had represented that the recommendation would fall with far greater weight from him, and that, in DUFF's hands, the election was safe.

"Well, Gentlemen," said DUFF, in his most matter-of-fact style, "it is not usual to say much on these occasions. I can only remind you of the value of a little new blood from time to time in our councils. When I have said that Mr. SCIPIO P. GOLIBOISE is a member of one of our most ancient Inns of Court, the Under Temple, and is fitting himself to take an active part in the profession of the Law, I think you will see that he has—ah—fair qualifications for election as a Gargoyle."

Then GEYSER primed by BOSHER, rose with his usual impetuosity. "I must say, Gentlemen," he began, "with all deference to our friend, Mr. DUFF, I don't think he has laid Mr. (eh? yes, thank you, BOSHER!) GOLIBOISE's claims to our votes before us with all the earnestness and thoroughness he usually devotes to whatever he takes in hand. He has suppressed—no doubt, inadvertently—a very important fact in connection with the Candidate which, in my humble opinion, will appeal strongly to your imaginations. Mr. GOLIBOISE is a representative of one of the most thriving of the dependencies of our great Empire. He comes to us, Gentlemen, from the Island of—(which? ah, just so)—the fair and smiling island of Sangaree. I put it to you whether it is not our duty to lay aside all minor considerations, and, in this Jubilee time, give the world a striking instance of the brotherly feeling which unites the Mother Country to her Colonies! Let there be nothing of ungracious, of grudging, of perfunctory, in the response we make to his application for admission; a hand, Gentlemen, is stretched out to us from across the seas—let us not in the palm we hold forth in return, conceal the invidious form of one solitary black-ball!" (There was a murmur of admiration at this fine image.) "Let us for once be unanimous in throwing our portals wide open to receive the stranger who stands knocking at the door of the Gargoyle Club!"

[Loud applause.] There was no necessity for any further speech-making, but PERCY VERE would get up; he always will whenever he sees the slightest opportunity, for his great idea is that oratory comes with practice, and that it doesn't so much matter what you say, so long as you gain a little more confidence by saying it.

So PERCY VERE began very fluently: "As to the remarks of the Honourable Member who has just sat down, I only wish to remark that the remarks he made were remarks—" (Here he looked about him in a distressed manner) "remarks which were very ably—er, very ably remarked. I can't help rising to say that I have no—that

I rise without any—I—I mean . . . that I don't feel a—a . . . (I could tell you the word if I could only remember the name—it's curious how you forget things standing up!) oh,—what I meant was *hesitation!*"

Having arrived at this point, he sat down very contentedly.

"I won't add any words of my own," said PINCENEY, "to the eloquent pleas (here PERCY VERE looked deeply gratified) we have just listened to. The Secretary will now distribute the balls, and the ballot-box will then be brought round in the usual manner to each member."

"I am happy to tell you, Gentlemen," our President announced, after a scrutiny of the box, amidst much enthusiasm, "that Mr. GOLIBOISE is elected without a single dissentient voice! And now let us proceed to the motion before the House, which is—"

"One moment, Sir," said BOSHER. "I believe the new Gargoyle is below at this instant, waiting permission to take his seat amongst us. With your leave, I will now invite him to do so."

But this quite innocent proposal brought up PORPENTINE: "I must really protest, Sir! It looks to me as if the Candidate, by coming here this evening, must have regarded his election as a foregone conclusion; as if—I am about to conclude with a motion, Sir. . . I move—That, having regard to circumstances with which the Club was previously unacquainted, Mr. GOLIBOISE be now informed that his election is still under consideration."

GEYSER (rising excitedly). Really, Sir! really! Are we to punish Mr. GOLIBOISE for his very laudable impatience to join our society? Is his ignorance, pardonable in a stranger, of our customs to be thrown in his teeth like this? A thousand times no, Sir! I call upon Mr. PORPENTINE to withdraw his motion; otherwise, I, for one, will not continue a member of this Club a single day! No, Sir, not one hour—not one minute—not one instant—(lowering his voice impressively)—not one week! (Cries of "Withdraw!" and some excitement.)

Porpentine (rather sulkily). I beg to withdraw the motion.

Pinceney. Then, if Mr. BOSHER will introduce the new Member as he proposes, I shall now call upon Mr. GEYSER to bring forward the subject for debate, which is in the following terms:—"That this House is of opinion that all Racial and other distinctions are invidious and reactionary, and should be abolished."

BOSHER had already disappeared, and, as the President spoke, there were steps outside, and presently the door opened, and Mr. GOLIBOISE made his first entrance into the Gargoyle Club.

He walked up to the vacant chair next to GEYSER's, which BOSHER had vacated (by the way, he did not reappear that evening), and sat down grinning from ear to ear, evidently highly pleased with himself and us, after which he devoted himself to rolling his eyes, and sucking the top of his walking-stick.

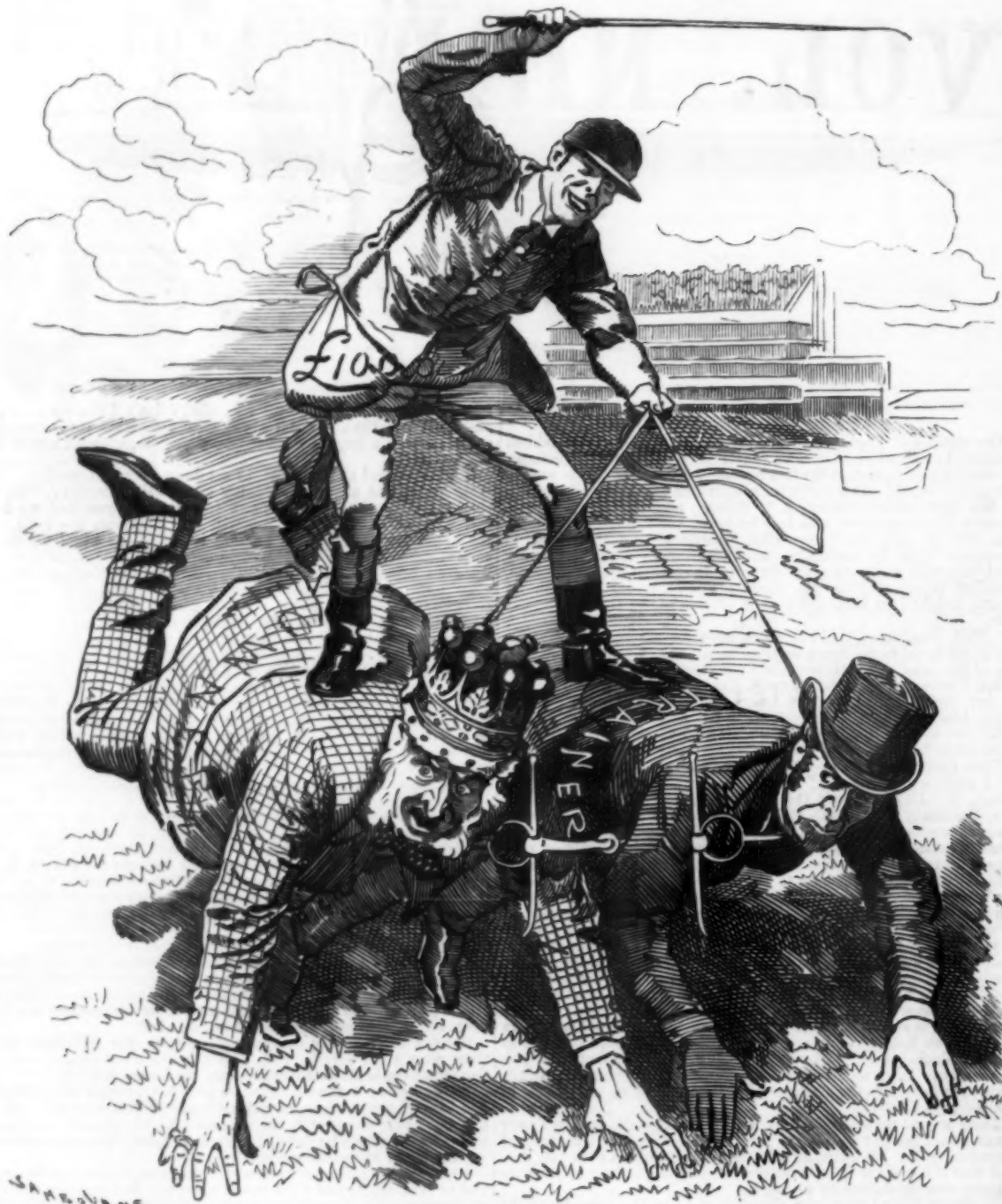
I trust that we did nothing unworthy of our character as Gargoyles and as gentlemen; but I am bound to confess that our new Member's appearance excited a certain sensation amongst us which could not be wholly disguised.

For Mr. GOLIBOISE happened to be a remarkably fine specimen of the pure African type. It made no difference, of course, but we should like to have been a little better prepared.

THE CONQUEROR JOCK; OR, THE WHIP-HAND.

(Some way after "The Conqueror Worm.")

"Time was when owners of horses were the masters of the trainers and the jockeys; now it too often happens that the trainers are the masters of the owners, and the jockeys masters of both."—SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.



Lo! 'tis a gruesome sight,
Within these loathly latter years,
A feverish throng, dust-coat bedight,
With veils, or cads, or peers,

Stand in a race-course ring to see
A play of hopes and fears,
And an undertone breathes fitfully,
Now curses, and now cheers.

Mimes in the form of magnates high
Mutter and murmur low,
And hither and thither fly;
Mere puppets they who come and go

At bidding of misshapen things,
That drive them blindly to and fro,
Dealing from out their rascal rings
Inevitable woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot;
And much of madness, and more of sin,
And swindling the soul of the plot.

But see amid the mimic rout
A wizened thing intrude!
A shrivelled shape that rides about
With despot power imbued!
It spurs!—it whips!—the Swells, the Snobs,
The vampire treats as food,
And the nobles that it rides—and robs—
Are to its will subdued.

Down—down on all fours are they all,
The sordid, sold, fool-flock,
The fierce whip-lashings fall
Like storm-flouts on a rock;
And the dupes, from counter or Court,
That wizened thing doth mock:
The play is the farce called "Sport,"
And its hero the Conqueror Jock!

WILFRID LAWSON'S LATIN.

The following quotations, freely translated, may be added to the Baronet's admittedly limited stock:—

"*Clausum fregit*"—He burst up the Clause.
"*Horresco referens*"—It gives me shivers to refer to it.
"*Pro bono publico*"—For the bones of the Publican.
"*Res angusta domi*"—The cussedness of the House.
"*Ære perennius*"—Trust me for brass.
"*Tempora mutantur*"—Wouldn't I just like to take my change out of the *Times*.
"*Est modus in rebus*"—Mine is the only measure for everybody who is at all anybody.
"*Dulce est desipere in loco*"—It is pleasant to play the fool in a certain place.
"*Nigroque similima cygno*"—And very like a black Public-house sign.
"*Fons et origo bonorum*"—The town pump.
"*Actum est de Republica*"—It's all up with the Licensed Victualler's business when my Act passes.

AN HONEST JOCKEY.—Rather unstable.



"WAYS AND MEANS."

Visitor. "YOU TAKE IT EASY, BROWN. YOU MUST HAVE A GOOD SALARY."
Brown. "H-M—YA-AS—PRE'Y WELL. I DRAW THREE HUNDRED A YEAR—SAVE SAY A HUNDRED, AND RUN INTO DEBT FOUR HUNDRED, THAT 'S—EIGHT HUNDRED; AND IF A BACHELOR CAN'T LIVE ON THAT—'OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF HIMSELF!!"

THE EX-PENSIVE PRESIDENT, R.B.A.

THREE weeks ago we asked, "Who is Mr. WYKE BAYLISS?" beyond being the President-Elect of the Society of British Artists in lieu of the Licensed Whistler, JAMES I., deposed. We are now answered. The gentleman has been interviewed by a friendly *Figaro* who furnishes us with the following facts:—

"Mr. WYKE BAYLISS, when a student at the British Museum, did not limit his attention to the Elgin Marbles," but on the other hand, "as a Chess-player, he held, last year, the cup for the county of Surrey."

He is, moreover, "Chairman of the Board School in his District," "Member of the Diocesan Council of Rochester," and besides being "Public Orator of Noviomagus" (what on earth is this?), he is "Honorary Fellow of the Society of Cyclists."

It is quite clear from all this that Mr. W. B. was born for Suffolk Street, and WHISTLER, the Painter, was there decidedly out of place. And now having discovered WYKE BAYLISS, Pres. Elec., we have four questions to put to anybody who can answer them; i. e., "Who, What, or Where is 'Noviomagus'?" And "Why has he a Public Orator all to himself?"

SHADY PLACES FOR HOT WEATHER.—During the past week, Lord DUNRAVEN, as Chairman of the Sweating Commission, Lord HERSCHELL with the Board of Works Inquiry before him, and the Lord Chief Justice with the Great Turf Label case, might have been represented at Madame TUSSAUD'S as Æacus, Minos, and Rhadamanthus, in a Modern "Chamber of Horrors." Their effigies might have melted, but their Lordships themselves are made of sterner stuff.

THE WANDERING VETERAN.

(A Legend of Wimbledon.)

THE Old Man sighed as he walked into Richmond. The children laughed at him, and their elders tossed their heads in scorn. But he did not mind. He leant on his weapon, which served him as a staff, and strode sturdily onwards. Soon he was in the Park. He sank on one knee. In a moment he was accosted by an official.

"Move on!" said the official.

The Old Man wiped away a tear, and obeyed the order. He passed through fields and gardens, and now he was at Epsom. Once more he had prepared to make a stay.

"Move on!" again shouted an official, and the Veteran was forced to submit.

And so he wandered from place to place—everywhere unwelcome, everywhere abused.

At last he lay down on the ground, and could go no further. In spite of the rough requests of the officials "to get up and be off," he stayed where he was. Indeed, he could go no further.

"Where have you been?" they asked him.

"All over the country," he replied, in a faint voice; and then he told them how he had journeyed from place to place, and never was allowed to settle.

"And who are you?"

"The surviving Member of the National Rifle Association;" and, with a faint smile upon his thin lips, and forgiveness in his heart of hearts, for H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, the last of the Volunteers calmly died.

THE CONSERVATIVE TENT JUST NOW.—Discon-tent.



WHAT OUR POET HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"YES; SHE'S A MOST SYMPATHETIC WOMAN. I WAS READING MY LAST FORMS TO HER ONLY YESTERDAY, AND THE DINNER-HOUR PASSED BY WITHOUT HER EVER PERCEIVING IT!"

"PARBLEU, MON AMI! YOU KNOW EE FRENCH PROVERB—'QUI DORT, DINE'!"

JOTTINGS FOR THE TIMES.

(From the Duke of Downshire's Journal.)

A VERY weary day. Don't think I can stand this Omnibus driving business much longer. Having to go to the BLUEMANTLES' crush as soon as I get home to-night, dressed before I took the reins in the morning, and have been got up in full fig, ribbon of the Garter and all, under my overcoat on the box all day, so as not to keep the Duchess waiting. She says I look "crumpled." Don't wonder at it. Six times from Hammersmith to Whitechapel and back is enough to take the starch out of anybody. Think, however, the Duchess has been put out, finding the new Dressmaking business she set up in Bond Street not half so satisfactory as she thought it would be. She has tried to tone down the "shoppy" side of it by offering her customers five o'clock tea, and by endeavouring to invest the whole business with a little social glamour, but she says that our pork-butcher's wife, whom she supplied only last week with a ruby velvet, came and complained quite nastily that the dress did not fit her properly in the back, and on the Duchess smiling amiably and saying she saw nothing amiss, retorted that "Business was business, Duchess or no Duchess," and that when she "paid good hard money for what she ordered, she expected good honest work in return."

This sort of thing is, I am bound to say, only what I expected. I was not, therefore, surprised to hear that my two dear daughters, the Lady CONSTANTIA, and the Lady FEODORA, had had some disagreeables with the Principal of the Regent's Street Bonnet Establishment, in which I had just succeeded in placing them with so much difficulty, and had determined to throw the whole thing up.

Then, again, the Fried Fish and Whelk business in Marylebone, which I had made such sacrifices to secure for PLANTAGENET, appears likely to turn out a disappointing investment. He says that, after his life in the Guards, he cannot somehow take kindly to the calling. Well, poor boy, he may be assured that it is not one that I, his father, would have selected for him, as the heir upon whose brows my Ducal Coronet must eventually descend—still, what was I to do? The only other thing in the market was a "Sausage" concern.

My second boy, BERTRAM, seems, I am glad to note, fairly satisfied with his

butcher's calling, and dons his blouse and shoulders his tray with the best of them. Still, the outlook is not cheering, and if PLANTAGENET backs out of the Fried Fish, all I can say is, "Heaven help him!" Sometimes I think if we could give a drawing-room entertainment, and appear at a Music-Hall as "the Duke of Downshire's talented troupe," we might perhaps make ends meet. I should still look respectable in spangled tights; but with Beaumanoir and the Dashworth estates both mortgaged over the hilt, it's clear that something must be done, and that quickly. Ha! here is the Duchess! She looks well in what, trying to raise a miserable laugh among ourselves, we call, in wretched satire, the "family paste." No matter. I will talk the subject over with her. But the slavey has announced that the four-wheeler is at the door. Very well, Duchess. Lead on, I follow!

HOME-TRUTHS FROM ABROAD.

(But not from Mr. Browning. Gleaned from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's Speech in the Debate of last Week.)

I.

OH, to be in Ireland
Now the boycott's there,
And whoever wakes in Ireland
Finds some morning, unaware,
That his baker denies him his daily bread,
And his butcher is threatened with "doses of lead,"
While the "bhoys" are carving his favourite cow
In Ireland—now!

II.

And after daylight, when dark follows,
And help is far, and vain all holloas,
Hark, where the ominous knock at supper-time
Preludes a talk, a hasty shot, a groaning—
The Goodman's end! And she, who saw the crime,
That's the wise wife!—she's dumb, but for low moaning,
Lest she too know what mean the unwritten orders
Of these same gay marauders!
And though some sham regret may be expressed,
Next Sunday 'll show the boycott at its best;
Curses will dog the widow's churchward way—
Far better than our English Sabbath-Day!

THE TRUTH ABOUT MR. BALFOUR'S HAT.

SIR,—I saw in the Times's Dublin Letter an account by an eye-witness, of Mr. BALFOUR walking wildly about in St. James's Park "with his hat in his hand." And somebody wrote to explain this, and said that the correspondent of the Times wanted it to appear that Mr. BALFOUR had "lost his head." I emphatically contradict this. Mr. BALFOUR has not lost his head; but he frequently carries his hat on his shoulders and his head in his hands as you may see in this sketch by

AN EYE-WITNESS.



NOTE ON SOME RECENT EVIDENCE.—"VAN DAMM" is an appropriate name for a witness before the Sweating Commission who attacks "MAPLE & Co.," the firm always associated with furniture vans.

SONG FOR LORD TENNYSON AND OTHER POETS.—"See me re-verse."

NEW NAME FOR THANET.—The Lowther Arcadia.

COLERIDGIAN CONCEITS:

OR, DRAWINGS ON THE WOOD.



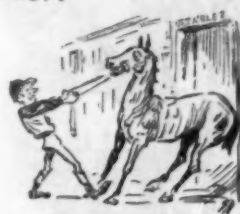
A USEFUL PLATER.

[At the first mention of "useful plater," it occurred to L-rd C-l-r-dge that several of his own spoons and forks wanted doing up. *Mem. accordingly.]*



"IN AND OUT RUNNING."

[On hearing this phrase, L-rd C-l-r-dge at once remembered his happy school-days.]



PULLING A HORSE.

[L-rd C-l-r-dge's first impression—corrected after hearing the case.]



"SERIOUS MEN ENGAGED IN A RACE."

[L-rd C-l-r-dge's original idea—subsequently corrected.]

OPERATIC NOTES.

Monday, June 25.—Lovely music to *Il Flauto Magico*. The commencement of one song sung by *Monostatos* (Signor RINALDINI), a kind of Mozartised Christy Minstrel, reminds me of "Ah, bravo, Figaro." It has probably reminded a good many persons of the same air long ago, but the Opera is to me a comparative novelty. Exciting story,—a trifle mixed. What I gather from it is that RAVELLI the Reliable is an Egyptian called *Tommy*, (evidently some familiar form of "Tommy,"—and that *Tommy* the Tenor, falls in with three Ladies, one of whom is Mlle. DOTTI, which is a painfully suggestive name, but there is no lame attempt about her singing, no "DOTTI-and-go-oney," but, on the contrary, she is majestic and impressive, more "DOTTI-on-the-eye" kind of performance; and the other two are Mlle. DESVIGNES and Madame SCALCHI, who is, as it appears, also in another line of business as a Real Genius (no one ever doubted it, of course) associated with two other Geniuses, Miss LOUISE LABLACHE and Mlle. BAUERMEISTER; and without the last mentioned no cast at Covent Garden Opera can now be considered complete. Well,—TOMMY the Tenor, meets one *Papageno* (Signor DEL PUENTE),—a person in the ridiculous costume of a kind of Parrot in full feather,—and *Tommy* having been presented with a golden flute and a temperance blue riband, and *Papageno* having received a set of musical bells, they find themselves in, apparently, the Egyptian Court of the Crystal Palace; and here *Tommy* gives a solo to some pantomime Monkeys and profile Lions, Tigers, Rhinoceri, and Elephants—quite a "monster concert." *Papageno* makes some comic niggers dance by playing on his bells, but beyond this they make no particular use of their magic gifts.

Then *Tommy* makes love to Miss MINNIE HAWK, impersonating the remarkably fine grown-up daughter of Miss ELLA RUSSELL as the *Queen of Night*, who, for the loss of the infantine MINNIE, is draped in black, representing the curious spectacle of Night and Mourning all in one. Then Miss HAWK is interviewed by her mother, Miss ELLA RUSSELL, who sings such astonishing top-notes as quite take away her breath, the mother's, that is, and so she herself wisely declines the vociferous *encore*; but, before she retires, makes a handsome present of a dagger, perhaps to be used as a paper-knife, to her daughter MINNIE, who, having accepted it unwillingly, promptly loses it.

Then the Mozartian Christy Minstrel annoys poor MINNIE with his too demonstrative attentions, and she is rescued—she is always being rescued—by *Tommy* the Tenor, who, having lost his magic flute as *Papageno* has his bells, has had it restored to him by the three gifted Geniuses (who have also restored to *Papageno* his lost bells), and then Miss MINNIE, assisted by the three distinguished Geniuses in costumes such as Geniuses wore many, many years ago, before Gaiety Fairies were invented, is taken away by *Tommy* the Tenor, and is

forthwith seen taking, as it appears, a sort of Turkish bath with him in, the pleasantest manner possible, he playing the flute the while, and both decently attired, of course; and afterwards they stand under a mountain torrent by way of *douche*—and what the *douche* it all means I don't know, but the foregoing story is something like it, without mentioning Miss ARNOLDSON as *Papagena*, the bride of *Papageno*—she ought to have been *Mammagena*, of course—and without mentioning the High Priest, who being a Basso, is a very low priest, and ought to have been EDOUARD DE RESEKKE, but wasn't,—having been metamorphosed by magic into Signor NOVARA,—and without going into any of the wonderful details and describing the grand Transformation Scene at the finish ("Thought there was going to be Harlequin and Columbine," grumbles H.R.H.'s Attorney-General, Q.C., M.P., to one of the Organising Committee, as he takes up his hat and slowly emerges from the box. "Should like to have seen RAVELLI as Harlequin, and ARNOLDSON as Columbine,—charming Columbine, begad!") I should say that a better performance of the most muddle-headed Extravaganza ever invented has rarely been seen at Covent Garden. Could hear it all again with pleasure, but not see it. The only singer who really seems to thoroughly enjoy it is SCALCHI. ARNOLDSON looks very pretty as *Mammagena*. She ought to be brought on earlier. Why shouldn't she be the Princess as well? She could "double the parts" as SCALCHI does; but SCALCHI is "the First Genius," and can do anything. Any Manager has a treasure in SCALCHI. Can call upon her for a song at any moment, and never make a mis-Scalchi-lation. Which is a cryptogrammic joke: so hidden.

A TURN AT THE HANDEL.

THE Crystal Palace can now and then offer attractions by which crowds may be drawn, as they have been in the week past by the Handel Festival, without advertising the edifying spectacle of a woman hanging on by her teeth to a rope attached to a balloon; though at first sight one is afraid lest the names of ALBANI, NORDICA, LLOYD, and SANTLEY, at the Palace, should not be sufficiently attractive in themselves without adding some gymnastic feat to their fine musical performances.

The Oratorios went splendidly, and the Selections on Wednesday brought together a select audience. The Grand Old MANX of the C. P. might have written something better himself than the specimen of "The Triumph of Time and Truth," and have called it "The Triumph of Time and Tune," which is a hint for next Festival. SANTLEY in first-rate voice, with "Honour and Arms;" so also LLOYD, with his "Love in his Eyes," (no connection with "Two Lovely Black Eyes"), which he sang deliciously.

The G. O. M. of the C. P. accepted the *encore* of the *Occasional Overture* for this occasion only, but ALBANI and NORDICA refused flatly—the only note of any flatness in the entertainment—to accept any *encores*, no matter how they might be pressed on all hands. Madame NORDICA charmingly sang, "Hush, ye pretty wobbling Choir," addressed, of course, to the Handelian Choristers, who evidently bridled up at the insinuation of unsteadiness, and refused to "hush," rendering their *fortissimo* with such precision as to prove the charge of their being "pretty wobbling," to be absolutely without foundation. [A friend, who knows nothing about it, has suggested to me that when I say "wobbling" I mean "warbling." Absurd! If I meant "warbling" I should warble.] No one at the organ can be better than BEST. In fact the whole performance was so good that as everybody wanted to have everything over again, this "Choral Festival" may be memorable as the "Great Encore-all Festival."

NEW CIVIL UNIFORM.



... "Four small buttons down front, and to button on to collar of cloak; gilt hook and chain. ... Cap: Blue cloth made up soft, with a small gold braided top, and a row of gold braid round the crown."—*Vide London Gazette*, June 13.

SOMETHING FURTHER ABOUT "MR. G."—Mr. GLADSTONE was reported last week as having said that, among some of the few things he had to live for was to show "the substantial identity between the theology of HOMER and of the Old Testament." We believe he since added to this the idea for demonstrating that the Six Days of Creation must be understood as six "Parliamentary Days."

PEDESTRIANISM AT LAMBETH.—In the course of a series of amusing articles on the Established Church, the *St. James's Gazette* suggests that the legal-ecclesiastical difficulties of its position at home and in the Colonies is "a case in which, in a marked degree, difficulties will be solved *ambulando*." Yes, certainly—a good deal of "Walker" about this remedy. It might be tried this week at Lambeth.

NEW NAME FOR IT.—The Metropolitan Board of "Perks."



PLEASURES OF A "PLEASURE-HORSE."

MR. BIGSBY DETERMINES TO WRITE TO THE *TIMES* A LETTER HEADED, "THE DANGERS OF THE STREETS," DENOUNCING MILK CARTS WITH RATTLING CANS, BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, GERMAN BANDS &c.

CLEARING THE COURSE!

AIR—"Clar de Kitchen."

ON St. Stephen's stream, to give us room,
We clear the course like a brand-new broom;
And we form a regular Government ring,
And this is the song that we do sing:—

Clear the river, cockboats, cockboats!
Old Morality wants clear way!

'Ware, cockboats, 'ware! If you should cross
The bows of the Government Launch, you'll toss
On a terrible swell from shore to shore,
That might almost swamp a seventy-four.

So clear the river, &c.

Cockboats conceive St. Stephen's stream
Is free to all; 'tis a foolish dream.
When the big boat comes with the crew at the prow,
They must all get out of the way, somehow.

So clear the river, &c.

Like a big bull-frog in a tadpole swim,
The steam launch glideth grand and grim;
And the Private Member who'd keep afloat,
Will be tossed like a cork in his crank cockboat.

So clear the river, &c.

There is Old Morality wants clear way,
And the run of the river by night and day;
And chief-mate RITCHIE he cries with a frown,
"If you don't clear out, I shall run you down!"

So clear the river, &c.

'Tis an Aaron's rod of a craft, you see,
This Launch, and the skipper, SALISBURY;
Hopes if 'tis steered with strength and skill,
It will clear the river and whip poor WILL!
So clear the river, cockboats, cockboats!
Old Morality wants clear way!

COLERIDGE CORRECT.

LORD COLERIDGE in a recent case made an observation, to which we have already drawn attention, to the effect that he could not understand how anyone with such an honoured name as "MOSES" could ever consent to change it for, e.g., "MORDAUNT." The Handelian Festival brought this remark of the Lord Chief Justice's vividly to our mind. Where would be the force of substituting "Mordaunt" for "Moses" in *Israel in Egypt*? Or to take a great work by another Composer, *Mosé in Egitto*, how would *Mordaunt in Egitto* or *Montmorency in Egitto* sound? No; Lord COLERIDGE is right. But is he not always right?

THE BARON'S BOOK.

THE *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini* are anything but Barren Rimini-iscences. Startling and amusing. I'm not jealous, though he is a Baron as well as myself. Can't help bursting out into poetry and singing:—

O by Jingo! O my Jimini!
Marvellous *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini*;
Nothing merely niminy-piminy
In the *Memoirs of Baron de Rimini*!

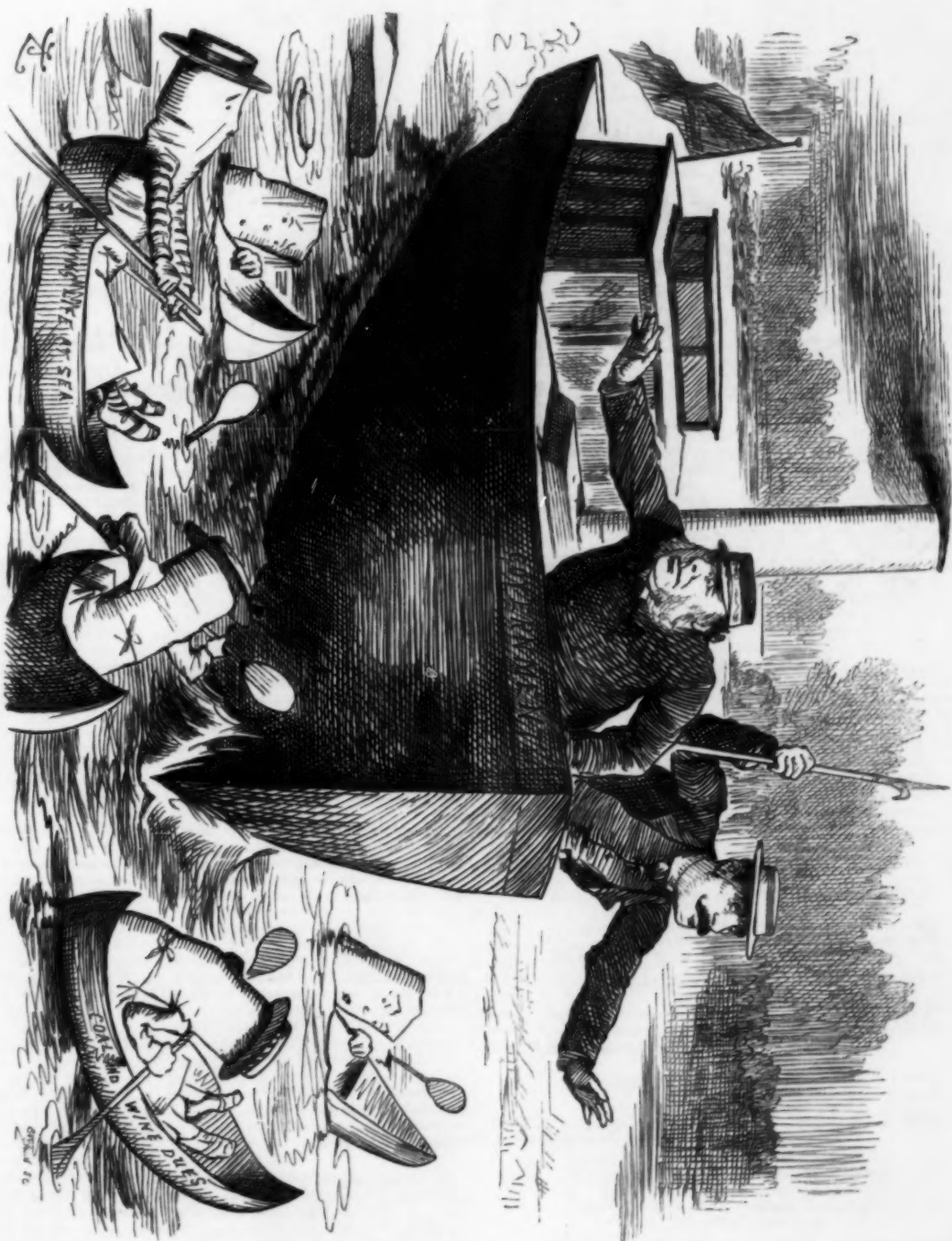
Nothing like them since the records of Baron MUNCHAUSEN, who, in my humble opinion *overdid it*. RIMINI doesn't; it is all fact! There's the startler. Truth stranger than fiction. HAGGARD and STEVENSON nowhere. Walk up! Yours, THE BARON DE BOOK WORMS.

IN RE SCOTT V. WILKINSON.—Dear Mr. *Punch*.—I quite forgot to say—indeed, it only occurred to me afterwards, and I couldn't re-open the case to admit the *esprit d'escalier*,—when I read out about the "oreries" in the school prospectus, and remarked on the defective sanitation, "On 'orery's head 'oreries accumulate."

Yours ever, L.-CKW.-D.

"WE are in quite another World," Lord COLERIDGE is reported to have said in his summing-up in the WOOD case. The well-known line from *The Stranger* can now, on the Lord Chief's authority, be thus quoted, "There is another and a Betting World."

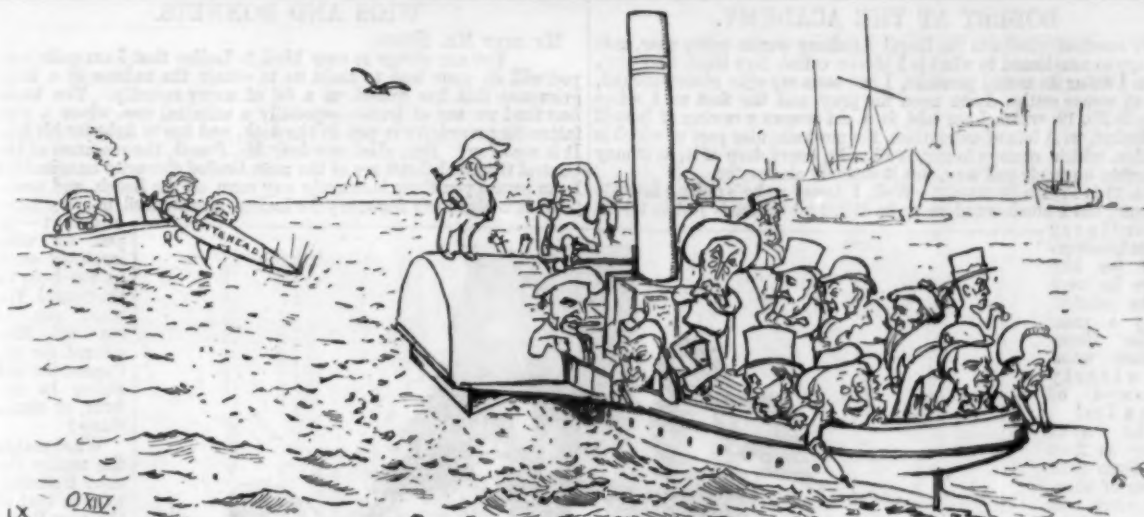
PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JULY 7, 1888.



CLEARING THE COURSE!



THE HISTORY OF THE



AWFUL TO CONTEMPLATE.

[The Title does not allude to the Portraits in the above Picture, which are those of Her Majesty's Judges going all together by steamer to dine at Greenwich. An artful Detective sends us this as showing a nefarious design (not the drawing) on the part of some ambitious Members of the Bar, which has been happily frustrated.]

THE DIARY OF A NOBODY.

April 28.—At the office, the new and very young clerk PITT, who was very impudent to me a week or so ago, was late again. I told him it would be my duty to inform Mr. PERKUPP, the principal. To my surprise PITT apologised most humbly and in a most gentlemanly fashion. I was unfeignedly pleased to notice this improvement in his manner towards me, and told him I would look over his unpunctuality. Passing down the room an hour later, I received a smart smack in the face from a rolled-up ball of hard foolscap. I turned round sharply, but all the clerks were apparently riveted to their work. I am not a rich man, but I would give half-a-sovereign to know whether that was thrown by accident or design. Went home early and bought some more enamel paint—black this time, and spent the evening touching up the fender, picture-frames, and an old pair of boots making them look as good as new. Also painted GOWING's walking-stick, which he left behind and made it look like ebony.

April 29, Sunday.—Woke up with a fearful headache and strong symptoms of a cold. CARRIE, with a perversity which is just like her, said it was "painter's colic," and was the result of my having spent the last few days with my nose over a paint-pot. I told her firmly that I knew a great deal better what was the matter with me than she did. I had got a chill, and decided to have a bath as hot as I could bear it. Bath ready—could scarcely bear it so hot. I persevered, and got in; very hot, but very acceptable. I lay still for some time. On moving my hand above the surface of the water, I experienced the greatest fright I ever received in the whole course of my life, for imagine my horror on discovering my hand, as I thought, full of blood. My first thought was that I had ruptured an artery, and was bleeding to death, and should be discovered, later on, looking like a second MARAT, as I remember seeing him in Madame TUSHAUD's. My second thought was to ring the bell, but remembered there was no bell to ring. My third was, that it was nothing but the enamel paint, which had dissolved with the boiling water. I stepped out of the bath, perfectly red all over, resembling the Red Indians I have seen depicted at an East-End Theatre. I determined not to say a word to CARRIE, but to tell FARMERSON to come on Monday and paint the bath white.

April 30.—Perfectly astounded at receiving an invitation for CARRIE and myself from the Lord and Lady Mayoress to the Mansion House, to "meet the Representatives of Trades and Commerce." My heart beat like that of a schoolboy's. CARRIE and I read the invitation over two or three times. I could scarcely eat my breakfast. I said—and I felt it from the bottom of my heart—"CARRIE, darling, I was a proud man when I led you down the aisle of the church on our wedding-day; that pride will be equalled, if not surpassed, when I lead my dear pretty wife up to the Lord and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House." I saw the tears in CARRIE's eyes, and she said, "CHARLIE, dear, it is I who have to be proud of you. And I am very, very proud of you. You have called me pretty, and as long as

I am pretty in your eyes, I am happy. You, dear, old CHARLIE, are not handsome, but you are good, which is far more noble." I gave her a kiss, and she said, "I wonder if there will be any dancing? I have not danced with you for years." I cannot tell what induced me to do it, but I seized her round the waist, and we were silly enough to be executing a wild kind of polka when SARAH entered, grinning, and said, "There is a man, Mum, at the door who wants to know if you want any good coals." Most annoyed at this. Spent the evening in answering, and tearing up again, the reply to the Mansion House, having left word with SARAH if GOWING or CUMMINGS called we were not at home. Must consult Mr. PERKUPP how to answer the LORD MAYOR's invitation.

May 1.—CARRIE said, "I should like to send mother the invitation to look at." I consented as soon as I had answered it. I told Mr. PERKUPP at the office with a feeling of pride, that we had received an invitation to the Mansion House, and he said, to my astonishment, that he himself gave in my name to the LORD MAYOR's Secretary. I felt this rather discounted the value of the invitation, but I thanked him, and in reply to me he described how I was to answer it. I felt the reply was too simple, but of course Mr. PERKUPP knows best.

May 2.—Send my dress-coat and trousers to the little tailor's round the corner to have the creases taken out. Told GOWING not to call next Monday, as we were going to the Mansion House. Sent similar note to CUMMINGS.

May 3.—CARRIE went to Mrs. JAMES, at Sutton, to consult about her dress for next Monday. While speaking incidentally to SPOTCH, one of our head clerks, about the Mansion House, he said, "Oh, I'm asked, but don't think I shall go." When a vulgar man like SPOTCH is asked, I feel my invitation is considerably discounted. In the evening, while I was out, the little tailor brought round my coat and trousers, and because SARAH had not a shilling to pay for the pressing, he took them away again.

"READ him by his Form."

Twelfth Night, Act III., Sc. 4.

[Mr. WALTER READ, playing last week for Surrey against Oxford, made the enormous score of 338 runs.]

READ by his "form" proud Surrey's READ,
Should be called "Read-and-Run" indeed.
A "form" so fine, may READ not alter;
Here's wishing you top-scorer, WALTER!

WARM FOR THEM.—The St. Stephen's Westminster Barometer, on the 26th inst., one of the hottest days we've had, marked for the Opposition side of the House 93 in the shade!

NEW NAME.—A "Kill-joy" or a "Wet-blanket" used to be the name for the guest whose every sentence was a damper on conviviality. Now, more artistically, he is termed a "Depressionist."

ROBERT AT THE ACADEMY.

My constant wissits to the Royal Academy wunce every year, gets my eye so accustomed to what is I bleeve called Eye Hart, that now, when I entur its sacred presinks, I jest casts my egle glance around, and at wunce settles down upon my pray, and the first as I seizes upon is No. 12, which I am told is a old woman a rowing of herself to Market, with lots of vegetables, the most singular part of which is the Sea, which, strange to say, is all milk, every drop of it, or it may possibly be curds and way, but it suttently aint water.

No. 21 is Prince BISMARCK. Well, I dessay as he's quite a favorite at tome, but I much wunders as he didn't git sumbody jest to tie his

xtroordinary white handker-
sher for him
afore he went
to be painted.
Why a mear
Coffee House
Waiter would
be utterly
ashamed of
such a Tie!

The next
thing as fixes
my hegar gaze
is one of them
staggerers as
not ony stag-
gers but fairly
puzzles me. It
is No. 95, and
is called A
Siren. I don't
no what a Siren
is, or where
they happens to
live, but they
suttently seems
a remarkable
careless lot.
Now this one
for instance has
been a having
a bath in the
Sea, without no
bathing - dress
on, and sum-
body has bin
and stole all
her close! and
there she sets,
poor thing, on
the hard rocks
a-trying for to
make the people
in a ship ever
so far off come
and help her.
And all as she's
got to emuse
herself and
keep herself
warm is a little
Arp which I
spose as she's
werry fond of,
tho she's left
off playing of it.

No. 107. Why
the R. H. the Erl
of HAREWOOD
shoud 'ave gone
and dressed hisself up in a Tourist's Suit, that cou'dn't have cost him
more than about 12s. 6d., when he was a going to have his picter
painted, is a puzzle to me, the more speshally as of course he might
have been painted in his crimson robes and with a Koronet on his
hed, and praps have been taken for a Sherrif or heven a Lord Mare!

No. 152 is called "Juno," sumthink to do with the present munth I
suppose. She's a flying right hup into the hair, and is about the
hugliest and the crosset looking flyer as ever I seed. I overheard
a Gennelman say that the reason as she looked so dredful angry was
becoz she had jest left Paris in disgust, though why, I cou'd not
understand. But my pore ed akes with seen so menny picktchers,
and I must ere defur my most hintrestin remarx and crikissums for
annuther hokkashun.

ROBERT.

WIGS AND BONNETS.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

You are *always* so *very* kind to Ladies that I am quite *sure*
you will do your best to assist us to obtain the redress of a little
grievance that has caused us a *lot* of worry recently. You know
how fond we are of trials—especially a criminal one, where a nice
interesting murderer is put in the dock, and has to fight for his life.
It is *such* fun! But, alas! my dear Mr. Punch, the resources of the
Central Criminal Court are of the most *limited* character imaginable!
I can assure you there is scarcely *any* room on the Bench, and some-
times it is *absolutely* necessary for Ladies—accustomed to *every* home

comfort—to
put up with
wretched seats
in the body of
the Court! We
want you to
get *all* this
altered for us.
Cannot the Old
Bailey be re-
built, or some-
thing?

What makes
the matter the
more irritating
to us is that at
the new Royal
Palace of Jus-
tice everything
is so *very* nice.
My sister and I
the other day,
were on the
Bench with
that dear Lord
Chief Justice,
and you cannot
think how ex-
cessively *nice* it
was! We had
such delight-
fully comfort-
able chairs, and
the "L. C. J."
(as our barrister
young friends
call him), was
so amiable!
The dear good
creature scarce-
ly gave himself
any room at all
so that we
should not be
crowded! And
then the *Lun-
cheon*! Well,
I will not say
anything about
that, as (like
the Duke of
PORTLAND's let-
ter), it was a
private matter!
But really and
truly it was
such fun!

We laughed
and talked to
our heart's con-
tent, and the

dear Lord Chief J. kept on making *such* funny little remarks! Pre-
tending, you know, not to understand anything about racing, when
everybody feels that he is a thorough old sportsman! I was rather
sorry I had not brought my "work" with me; but a friend of mine
—such a clever young lady—had got her Sketch-book with her, and
took likenesses of *all* the witnesses! She finished by drawing Mr.
LOCKWOOD, who, *everyone* says, is so clever with his pencil. If
he sketched her, I am sure it must have made a pretty picture, because
he seemed to be so pleased at attracting *such* attention!

If the Lord Chief Justice would let us bring a camera into Court,
we could have *great* fun! Now, dear Mr. Punch, pray don't forget
about the C. C. C., and, believe me to be, always yours sincerely,

Horrorfield, Gloomshire.

EMILY DE CHATTERBOX-PAY.



RETURN OF PALMY ITALIAN OPERATIC DAYS.

Archie. "I SAY, FRED! QUITE REMINDS ONE OF OLD TIMES, EH?"

OUR JAPANNERIES. No. 5.



THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT:

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 25.—Great field-night. Government arraigned. Indictment set forth by JOHN MORLEY in speech full of gems of literary style. OLD MORALITY formally led into dock. Makes a lovely criminal. Air of unimpeachable respectability worth anything to counsel for defence.

"Sort of man sure to be bailed out," said CHARLES RUSSELL, looking at him with professional eye.

House crowded at outset, but specially in Galleries. "Three Lord-Lieutenants looking down upon us," said JOSEPH GILLIS, glancing up at Peers' Gallery. "It's like NAPOLEON—or was it WELLINGTON?—marching his men past the Pyramids, so that he might say thirty centuries were looking down on 'em."

JOEY B. nodded with friendly recognition to SPENCER and ABER-

DEEN. Rather cut LONDONDERRY, who had snatched an hour from arduous duties at Dublin Castle to sit in Senate. DERBY there, as usual without JOAN. But STRATHEDEN had brought CAMPBELL to recreate his great mind by taking a turn at Irish affairs. STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL—"Siamese twins of la haute politique" as ROSEBURY calls them—an audience of themselves. Sit by the hour with grave face looking into space. "If they hadn't been born to share British Peerage," said GEORGE CURZON, who is an authority on the subject of Peers, "would have made a reputation as Chief of the Apaches, or any Indian tribe where a look of unutterable wisdom is qualification for leading position."

On the whole, rather a dull evening. Everybody intensely interested, of course; fate of Ministry in balance, and all that sort of thing. Still, after first couple of hours, Members began, as it were, to fold their tent like the Arab, and as silently steal away. Just before Nine, House so empty, occurred to anonymous humorist (probably JOACHIM) to try Count Out. That would have been funny to have Members summoned from ends of earth to attack or defend Ministry.

and the sitting to end in Count Out. Joke spoiled by Members rushing in from dining-room, "their mouths full of cabbage and contradiction," as SYDNEY SMITH said of HALLAM when he came upon him at a dinner-party. Later, SAUNDERS got on. Made things more lively. Colonel been a nuisance all night to Members sitting near him with his subdued cries of "Whirroo!" and his twirling a lead-pencil round in his fingers, as if it were a shillelagh. Couldn't hold him in any longer. So, at Eleven o'clock, took off his coat, stepped down on to floor before Irish Members, and for space of an hour walked up and down, trailing his coat; shouted at the Irishmen at top of his voice; answered back with shrieks and yells. Quite a pity when midnight struck, and Debate stood adjourned.

Business done.
—Vote of Censure moved.

Wednesday, 1 A.M.—Over at last Division bell ringing; Members, recovering from comatose state, staggering out into division lobbies as men half-dazed. What a night we've had to be sure! O'BRIEN began it with speech an hour long. Better have been forty minutes. But mercifully moderate compared with what followed. CHAPLIN, not to be outdone by Irish Member, spoke for over an hour; then GLADSTONE for an hour and forty minutes. Next thin end of the GEDGE modestly inserted during blank dinner-hour. Then BALFOUR for two hours and ten minutes; and, finally, SEXTON, for as long as House would listen to him.

HARTINGTON spent miserable time for last forty-eight hours with speech laboriously prepared. HARCOURT sat on Front Bench all night big with impromptus, packed to his boots with repartees. Wind Bag SEXTON appeared on scene with his perpetual smile of ineffable scorn, his illimitable waste of words. HARTINGTON and HARCOURT mutually resolved to sacrifice their speeches. SEXTON sure to go on till morning. And he did. Pleased beyond measure with himself. So wrapped up in charms of own eloquence didn't notice that BALFOUR after first three-quarters of an hour had slunk away. Went on with same irritating everlasting smile, pointing finger of scorn at unoffending OLD MORALITY, who had incautiously dropped in Chief Secretary's vacant seat.

Speech of the evening decidedly O'BRIEN's; volcanic in its energy; vitriolic in its bitterness; irresistible in its marshalling of facts and arguments; bold and felicitous in its illustrations. Pity the greater part of it was delivered at top of his voice, creating circle of stone deafness within immediate area. Gestures terrific, and dangerous to personal safety of Members sitting underneath. But speech finely conceived, inimitably phrased, good enough to compensate for these remedial drawbacks.

"*Erin-go-Bragh!*" cried PLUNKET, momentarily falling into his native tongue, in admiration of compatriot's native eloquence. "Splendid! But reminds me of what CURRAN said of GRATTAN, that he used to scrape the ground with his knuckles as he bowed in speaking, and thanked God he had no peculiarities of gesture."

Business done.—Vote of Censure rejected by 366 votes against 273.
Wednesday Afternoon.—Doctor GRANDOLPH, D.C.L., turned up. Not been here much since Degree conferred on him. Rather expected

he'd appear in cap and gown. But same now as when he was General GRANDOLPH, V.C., or Lord High Admiral GRANDOLPH, K.C.B. Modesty still his guiding star. Dropped in quietly, and, as far as possible, unobserved. Channel Tunnel Debate on. GLADSTONE supported Second Reading of Bill. A little awkward that Doctor GRANDOLPH should be shareholder in concern. But trifles in the way of logical difficulties never insuperable. When he became a shareholder was in private capacity. In opposing scheme in Commons he appears as a Statesman. GLADSTONE takes other side. Delightful to see Dr. GRANDOLPH gently shaking ferrule at Old Boy; laments his deficiency of knowledge respecting military and naval matters. On the whole not in bloodthirsty mood. Old Boy let off very gently.

Early evidence of the Doctor's new erudition displayed in lavish quotation. Taken a leaf out of OLD MORALITY's copybook. "Let well alone," observed the Doctor just now, with look of supernatural wisdom. "Better is the enemy of Good," he added, by way of peroration.

"Yes," said OLD MORALITY, unusually moved by this audacious incursion on his copyhold, "and Imitation is the sincerest Flattery."

Bill thrown out by rattling majority. But WATKIN not a bit disheartened.

"Wonderful man!" said the G. O. M. "Fancy I shall live to make him a Peer yet. Dover Pierage of course. Shall suggest the title Lord TANNEL-CHUNNEL."

Business done.—Channel Tunnel Bill rejected by 307 Votes against 165.

Thursday.—Lively debate on Sunday Closing Clause of Local Government Bill. Government propose to drop it. HARCOURT, who might have slated Clause had Government stuck to it, now protests it is best part of the Bill. Can't part with it on any account. Incidentally birches CAINE. Ring immediately cleared. Heavy weights, about same height, and fairly matched. Conversation most edifying.

"Yah!" cries HARCOURT.—"Boo!" says CAINE.

"Get 'long with yer Barrow!" says HARCOURT.

"Uncle Pumblechook," roars CAINE, who is a student of *Punch*.

"Where did you borrow your Latin grammar?" jeers HARCOURT.

"Political lurcher!" cries Member for Barrow, and HARCOURT retires with this brand of CAINE red on his massive brow.

WILFRID LAWSON gave genial turn to debate by dropping into familiar Latin quotation. Turned out, to amusement of House, that in this respect WILFRID's strong point is quality not quantity. *Timæo Danais et dona ferentes*, was his way of putting it.

"The long and short of it is—" said WILFRID, summing up.

"That you put the long where the short ought to be," said BRUCE. But WILFRID not to be daunted. Immediately after dragged in another, even more familiar, tag.

"*Cave canem!*" he said, looking at CAINE.

"That's Dog Latin, eh, TOBY?" said HENRY JAMES.

Business done.—Licensing Clause omitted from Local Government Bill. In this way we're getting along quite nicely with the Bill.

House of Lords, Friday.—Our Only General at it again. WEMYSS made a back for him, with wordy Resolution raising question of National Defences. Our Only took it flying, jumping on GEORGE HAMILTON, whom he accused of making "wild, extravagant, misleading statements on subject of vital importance to nation." The DOCK to the front again, apologising for having created scare, and explaining away his intentions.

"Fact is, TOBY," he said, when it was over, "it's my personal appearance that's against me. Can't help looking warlike and fierce. My martial bearing strikes terror into casual observer. I must dissemble." WEMYSS's Motion utterly ignored in course of debate. Nobody said word for it, or against it. So Lords, always, polite, made up for slight by accepting it.

Business done.—Local Government Bill in Commons.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF, with variations,—as may be seen in the *Wood v. Cox* case. What will remain in men's minds long after other details of the trial have been forgotten will be the Duke of PORTLAND's confidentially free-and-easy communication, which, like Lord JOHN RUSSELL's celebrated Epistle in the "Papal Aggression" time, will be known as "The Durham Letter."

CON. FOR CASUISTS.—If "the Receiver is as bad as the Thief," as proverbially affirmed, is it less "scandalously irregular" to buy a "surreptitiously obtained official document" than to sell it?

THE PRUSSIAN DIET.—German Sausages.



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"No gestures!"



Lord Tannel-Chunnel.

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